

T H E
Man of *H O N O U R*.

*Iustum & Tenacem Propositi Virum
Non vultus instantis Tyranni
Mente quatit solida.*

1486e27

— *si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruina.* H O R.

Facitque servatque beatos

To which is added

T H E
Curious *F E M A L E S*,
A Tale.



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MEMORANDUM



M



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T H E

Man of *H O N O U R*:



F Fell Corruption in each Scene
appears,
Cherish'd by Youth, caress'd by
Men in Years,
From the low Cottage to the House
of P——

At C——t extinct all Sense of Honesty,
Priests as unhallowed as the Laity:
If *British* Honour, by the Knave and Fool
Exploded, sinks a Term of Ridicule:
Pardon this daring Essay of the Muse,
She must speak out, Poetick Licence use,
A Libertine by Truth alone restrain'd,
Paint the High Mighty Wicked of our Land;
Draw Fraud's just Pourtrait at full Length to Man;
In the best Colours, clearest Light she can.
Avaunt, enervating, base Flattery,
All Compliment, the Varnish of a Lye!

A 2

When

When Truth is told, whose is the grated Ear?
 In *Britain's* Cause who launches out with Fear?
 Th' advent'rous Muse no Prejudice would know,
 Nor wound the Guiltless, nor offend the Law.
 Long be the Law our Bulwark and Defence,
 Dispens'd by Men of Honour, Men of Sense;
 The Seat of Justice long be sacred held,
 A Scourge to Vice, to Virtue a strong Shield.
 Should Vice impeach, Virtue has nought to fear,
 Where Justice runs in purest Channels clear.

Tho' Merit does some few to P——s advance,
 Merit! how rarely an Inheritance?
 Their Sons how often such a spurious Race,
 The Medley of a various lewd Embrace.
 Shall Foes to Honour, Honour's Titles bear,
 Quite chang'd from what the first enobled were?
 Shall the Brib'd B——p, and the Pension'd D——c,
 Debase their Species, and without Rebuke?
 Tools to a Premier, Spaniels to a Throne,
 Serve ev'ry Country's Purpose but their own?
 Shall B——s, Slaves to *Mammon*, Temporize?
 The Golden Calf set up, and Idolize?
 On all Occasions, at a Subject's Nod,
 Betray their Country, and deny their God?
 Canvass, debate, and vote it by COMMAND,
 OF REV'REND PENSIONERS A PIOUS BAND!
 Are Frauds discuss'd? They put their Negative,
 From Fraud they have their Being, move and live:

True

True Children of this World, wise Ways they take,
 Above all Morals, for Religion's sake.
 Are these known Truths from any *Briton* hid,
 And shall the Muse be silent?—Heav'n forbid!

In Law this Maxim has prevailed long,
 That Kings are sacred, and can do no Wrong;
 Sacred as Heaven's immediate Substitute,
 Hence 'tis inferr'd they should be Absolute.
 From Majesty then all good Measures flow,
 Pure uncorrupted Spring—it must be so.
 This seems, you'll say, to Bigotry inclin'd,
 Infallibility to Man assign'd!
 Whenever Royal Power is abus'd,
 (Kings unimpeach'd) their Council are accus'd.
 In publick, Kings this Sanction must retain,
 In private, howe'er fallible as Men.
 Thrice happy *Britons*! every Bard may sing,
 Ours is a * *Gracious and Religious King*!
 Unrival'd He in ev'ry Bosom reigns,
 His Martial Fire for *Britain's* Peace restrains: †
 This the Effect of Prudence, not of Fear,
 How unlike him his M——rs appear:
 They truckle to, and fawn on ev'ry State,
 Court the Dependent, bribe the Obstinate,
 Misplace Resentment, foolishly forgive,
 Adventures, monstrous in Romance, atchieve;

* See the *Liturgy of the Church of England*.

† See the *Address of the Lords and Commons*.

Faithless Allies they make, invet'rate Foes,
 In Negotiation every Point they lose ;
 Seek poor Expedients to divert a Storm,
 And promise what they can't, nor should perform :
 Slight real Ills, imaginary, fear,
 Dreading the distant, blind to Dangers near ;
 Ideal Phantoms form, themselves to scare.
 Thus Boys and Women bug-bear'd, all in Fright,
 Mistake each Shrub a *Demon* in the Night.
 All half-bred Politicians, to a Man
 In Treaties maz'd, half Masters of a Plan :
 Approving those they never understood,
 Half wise, half mad, half any thing but good.

ONE Genius for one Province may be fir,
 And full enough for any modern Wit ;
 In the Finances he that shews his Art,
 May act as *Premier* a most wretched Part ;
 Shrewd in Debates, vers'd in Affairs at Home,
 Yet knows not *French Finesse* Cabals at Rome.
 To guess when 'tis proclaim'd, it may be Peace,
 And whilst it lasts, Hostilities may cease ;
 Must we be deem'd all *Michiavels* for this?
 Granting us wise in other Instances.
 Can our Memorials have their proper Weight,
 Long as N———e guides the Pen of State,
 And Fopling E——— x does Negotiate?

We

We shew, 'tis fear'd, our Nakedness too much,
 In sending *H——ce* to o'er-reach the *Dutch*.
 Whence sprung our early Confidence in * *Keen*?
 His Father is — an ALDERMAN of *Lynn*.
 What can we hope from Ministers like these?
 Such, God or *Baal* never meant to raise:
 Yet *W——* and *S——*, to Excess,
 These Peace-Jobbers support by their Address.
 Their Reasons it must shock all Sense to know,
 Confusion! Men of Spirit stoop so low.
 Thus, or from some Mistake, or from Design,
Britain, to be betray'd, the Lot is thine.
 What Genius's have in thy Land been born,
 The Heroe's Contrast, and the Patriot's Scorn?
 This flagrant most unhappy Truth we took
 From *Wharton*, *Harcourt*, and a *Bollingbrooke*
 Either had Heads to save this sinking State,
 And make their forlorn Country fortunate.
 The former Two are to their Fathers gone,
 And matchless *Bollingbrooke* survives alone.
 Oh! *Bollingbrook*! how excellent thy Parts?
 How well refin'd by the politer Arts!
 To you the Interests of all States are known,
 Their Arts, their Genius, Taste, are all your own;
 The subtle Chain which binds each Nation fast,
 And how secure Alliances may last:
 The Statesman's Windings, and the secret Springs
 Of Councils in the Cabinets of Kings,

* *Mr. K—— Ambassador to Spain.*

You've

You've throughly gain'd : What *Machiavel* has
wrote

You have digested, and what *Rochien* thought.
See him relax'd in Wine his Thoughts unbend,
And with his Wit regale the curious Friend :
With Wit such as in *Swift* and *Pope* you find,
Familiariz'd proud *Berkeley's* lofty Mind.
His *Dissertation upon Parties* shews
Beyond a Doubt, how much this *St. John* knows.
But Heav'n to Man a perfect Soul denies,
And tinges with some Errors the most Wise.
What Blessings happy *Britons* must have known,
Had he been firm, had he true Honour shewn?
We had not been the Dupes of *France* and *Spain*,
Cajol'd in Treaties, bullied on the Main:
Britons would then have kept them all in Awe,
Baffled their Schemes, and given *Europe* Law :
Intestine Factions would have then confess'd,
That *Britons* in a *Bollingbrooke* were bless'd.
Must such a Genius to Great *Britain's* Cost,
Lye useless, unemploy'd, entirely lost?
It must (since Fate has so ordain'd) it must,
For one so loose in Honour who can trust?
Whoe'er wants Courage to be just and brave,
Tho' otherwise an Angel, is a Slave.

How gloriously the Minister appears!
Faction be dumb! Read, read the *Gazetteers*!
What an immoderate Contempt for Vice!
For ev'ry Virtue what strange Avarice!

Ancient

Antient and Modern Histories they rake,
 From Art and Nature best Materials take,
 Cull each Perfection of each Character,
 This Consummate must be the M——r.
 Thus in Idea form him well they can,
 A lovely Picture! who e'er saw the Man;
 This most excell'g Vizier, I advise
 To be just what these Scriblers say he is,
 The surest Way to silence Enemies.
 Statesman, with Leave, I would lay down this
 Rule,

He that commences Knave, commences Fool.
 Whoever deals in low Hypocrisies,
 Whate'er his Knowledge is, he can't be wise.
 I'd have a Premier satisfy'd, if clear,
 He saves a good Ten Thousand Pounds a Year;
 Nor Envy, nor Detraction, nor Cabal
 Could reach him, or in *Norfolk*, or at *Whitehall*.
 If former Fav'rites had no more engross'd,
 We should have fewer Rivals for the Post:
 But what will satisfy a Statesman's Pride?
 Pow'r, Profits, Honours——All we have beside.
 Profits and Posts be theirs, who have just Claim,
 Who have at Heart their Country, theirs be Fame.
 The Statesman's Duty soon is understood,
 It all consists in this——Be Wise and Good.

VIEW C—— deep in compromising Schemes,
 Ambition, Avarice, have ten Thousand Whims.

No

B

No Crimes like these in Hell's Black Catalogue;
 Contribute half so much to make a Rogue:
 More Appetites Canine, the more they're fed,
 The more they ask, the less they're nourished.
 And what would all this wild Ambition crave?
 To be, oh Prostitution! Premier Slave.
 Ambition when by Virtue we restrain,
 The noblest Root Heav'n can implant in Man;
 If not the Whole it overspreads and spoils,
 The rankest Weed that thrives in richest Soils:
 Then Avarice the utmost Meanness shews,
 Ev'n Knaves and Fools spit at the Covetous.
 With C——t W—— plays fast and loose,
 By Fits their Country, or the Court espouse;
 Both whilom for Perogative how keen!
 Now chang'd, for Privilege are Champions seen:
 As Hopes of dear Preferment ebb or flow,
 They're calm, they storm, their Fever's high or
 low.

Whence can this Whim Unsteadiness proceed!
 Honour unchangeable by Heav'n decreed,
 Is still the same, howe'er Affairs of State
 May Shift, or this or that way fluctuate.

Our State Empiricks we should all abjure,
 Who give deep Wounds, but can't the slightest
 cure;
 Perfect Buffoons, in shallow Cunning snug,
 Wise in unmeaning Nod, unconscious Shrug:

To Credit lost, their Truth is all a Lye,
 Detected, blush not, scorn Apology :
 Poor, aukard Mimicks of the *French* Caprice,
 Quite Bunglers in politick Artifice.
 From foreign Realms we copy all that's bad,
 And part with those few Virtues that we had.
 All Frauds the North, South, East, and West pro-
 duce,
 In our kind Climate ripen into Use.
 I — appears a Man of tip-top Worth,
 I — Election-Jobber of the North :
 A — e on Rev'rend Sine-cures severe,
 Has in Lay-pofts Twelve Thousand Pounds a Year.
 Such are our fav'rite Confidants of Kings !
 From what hid Causes Royal Bounty springs?
 Such to King's Favours must have vast Preerence,
 Their Merit Treason by Inheritance.
 These are profess'd Corruptions *Halcyon* Days,
 When thus supported in all Shapes and Ways,
 We shall in Speculation quickly see
 The charming Beauties of fair Liberty:
 Fair Liberty enriches every Soil,
 Makes Barrenness rejoice, and High-lands smile!
 Fair Liberty shews all Mankind serene,
 The Landlord happy, and the Peasant clean ;
 The Merchant chearful, and the Soldier brave,
 And Man a free-born Subject, not a Slave.

Y^e Baskers in the Bosoms of our Kings,
 Whose Faith, whose Honour, are most slippery
 things, Correct

Correct yourselves, from Precedent be wise,
 View * *York* and † *Talbot* with astonish'd Eyes,
 Both in high Post, both in high Character,
 Each shines refulgent in his proper Sphere;
 Unenvy'd in the Exercise of Pow'r,
 We all agree, who ne'er agreed before.
 A finish'd Conduct theirs, the strongest Sense,
 Genteel Address, and poignant Eloquence;
 Justice, the Soul of Law and Equity,
 Flows bright in ev'ry Sentence and Decree:
 Their Judgments clear and calm the ruffled Mind,
 They see with REASON, are with JUSTICE blind:
 To them the least Indignity's too much,
 Hard Words are Darts, Frowns too severe Reproach.
 Who serve with Honour, should be us'd with Grace,
 Kings to such Subjects wear a cheerful Face.
 If otherwise, we see a Court with Grief,
 And Men of Honour seek a private Life.
 There in such Case Content can only dwell,
 A brilliant Court's more loathsome than a Cell.

BRITONS, reflect in time, retrieve your State,
 Fraud and her Pensioners we must defeat:
 Let generous Passion ev'ry Bosom fill,
 We've Men of Honour warm for *Britain* still.

* *Sir Philip York, Baron of Hardwick, L. C.*
Justice of the King's-Bench.

† *Lord High-Chancellor of England.*

See

See Fraud aghast when *Chesterfield* debates,
 Each Word into her Vitals penetrates;
 With proper Satire he the Fiend pursues,
 Unravels all her Schemes, howe'er reclusive.
 In *Stairs* and *Cobham* all Mankind allow
 The *British* Hero, and firm Patriot glow :
 To *Stairs'* Address, high Spirit, and just Sense,
 His active Care, his good Intelligence :
 To these conspicuous Qualities in him
 Some Monarchs owe this Day their Diadem.
 Great is his Merit, what is his Reward ?
 He is, O lovely Gratitude ! cashier'd.
Boyle, a young Lord, discover'd early Worth,
 With noblest Pace a perfect Man stept forth :
Orrery's Principles in him we see,
 His Soul, his Genius, *Boyle*, survive in thee.
 Have *Gow'r* or *Litchfield* ever once withdrawn;
 Or shunn'd Debate, to compliment the Crown ?
 When Infant Force the knotted Oak shall bend,
Lew'son shall not be known his Country's Friend;
 Then *Craven* shall, and *Butler* then divide
 For any Question on Corruption's Side.

THE Man of Honour, resolutely just,
 Nor acts, nor moves, but conscious of his Trust,
 So full of Truth, has such Contempt for Guile,
 Each Frown intends a Frown, each Smile a Smile :
 His Judgment with a due Reflection fraught,
 Hath his Idea to perfection brought :

Correct

Correct in Censure, cautious in his Praise,
 Maturely thinks, and what he thinks he says :
 Warm without Madness, zealous in the Right,
 Free, not licentious, keeps each Sense full bright :
 Serene in Calms, by Storms unshaken still,
 Fond of good Offices, averse to ill :
 Ingenuous, universal good intends,
 And has in all his Thoughts the noblest Ends :
 Above Temptation ; jealous of the loud,
 And flies the wild Applauses of the Crowd :
 A Patriot-Act would in a Foe commend,
 And would condemn Corruption in a Friend :
 No Bigot, from all Party Pique quite free,
 To Knaves, in Rags or Lace, an Enemy :
 Loves *Britain's* Welfare, and observes her Laws,
 The Courtier's Torment, Envy, and Applause.
 Shine out, ye Men of Quality, learn hence,
 To shape your Conduct ; and improve your Sense.
 Observe ye Mitred P ——— s and blush to see
 In one bright Youth such wise Simplicity ;
 His Soul's inspir'd by Virtue, all his Ways
 Are Ways of Pleasantness, his Paths are Peace.
 No Fiction this, ye Minions, I aver,
 But an existing real Character :
 The Muse had the Original in View,
 Forgive, Lord NOEL, when she says, 'Tis You.

FINIS.



